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Three Poems

by Ken Seide

Settled/Disputed

"Settlement reached in dispute over artificial tears"
The National Law Journal, May 10, 2010

It's settled: the right
to make and sell tears
that treat dry eyes.

But some things will
never be settled
and always disputed.

Should artificial tears
be collected in a tear vial
to wear around the neck?

Do artificial tears wept
during love-making
still become pearls?

When Liesl's voice caught
as she lay and looked up
and declared herself happy,

were the tears
pooled in the hollow of her throat
(where I dipped my finger

and brought it to my mouth)
and the tears flowing over her ears,
dropping from her earrings onto the sheets

real?

Moon to the Moon

I know why poets describe the moon
as sailing through the sky
because that's what it's doing
on the other side of the blinds
that cut the moonlight into strips
on my face and pillow.

You watch the moon, too,
creating a triangle,
you, me, moon.

You track it
from the window of your airplane
that brings you to my pillow,
which reflects the reflected light,
a moon to the Moon.

Love Poem #1

The morning birds,
mystified, pause from song,
to ponder your moans,
and try to interpret.

Ken Seide is the pen name of a resident of Newton, Mass. His poetry has appeared in *Poetica*, *Midstream*, *New Vilna Review*, *Scribblers on the Roof*, *Ibbetson Street*, and *Muddy River Review*. His short stories have appeared in *Poetica*.

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